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## Beaufort County Republican

THURSDAY NOVEMBER, 23, 1871.

### POETRY.

#### OVER THE BARS.

'Twas milking time, and the cows came up  
From the meadows sweet with clover,  
And stood in the lane, while pretty Jane  
Had a quiet chat with the drover—  
Such a quiet chat that it scarcely seemed  
That a single word was spoken;  
While a magic spell with the night dews fell,  
And the rhythm of song was unbroken.

The cattle stood at the lover's side,  
Without any show of vexation,  
As though impressed, that a five bar rest  
Was a part of their restoration.  
And as Jane listened to the notes that came  
Right under the bars and over,  
Her heart took wing, the silly thing,  
And nestled up close to the drover.

She heard him say his home was poor,  
That he'd nothing but love to give her;  
And she smiled content, as though Love had spent  
Every arrow he had in his quiver;  
She smiled content, when the evening air  
With voices of birds was ringing,  
And her lips confessed that a lowly nest  
Should never prevent her singing.

So over the bars the lovers lean,  
In the joy of their sweet communion;  
And their looks declare that poverty ne'er  
Shall be a bar to their union;  
O, sweetest music, go, thread your rhymes  
Now under the bars and over!  
Where pretty Jane, in the fragrant lane,  
Bewitched the heart of the drover.

#### Mr. De Browne's Experiment.

Mr. Herbert De Browne sat in his luxurious bachelor establishment in Bank street, and pondered deeply. The subject of his agitations was a wife, or rather how to get one. There were enough ladies who would be glad enough to bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his home, as he well knew, but he also felt tolerably well assured the home was all they cared for. For the fortune they would wed its owner.

"Deuce take the money!" he exclaimed; "I wish I'd never had a farthing, and then—but, botheration, then I should have been too poor to marry. Why couldn't I have had just wealth enough for all wants and nothing more? I'll foil them, though, the mean adventuresses!"

A furious pull at the bell-cord brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.

"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Rinkle," he exclaimed, abruptly, "for I am going to close the house."

It was evident he had come to some conclusion.

"Shut up the house, Mr. De Browne!" ejaculated the housekeeper, almost believing she had lost her reason. "Why such a thing has not occurred since your lamented uncle took possession, five and forty years ago."

"That makes no difference, ma'am; I'm master here now, and shall close it for the present. Meanwhile your pay can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable. Have you no relatives you wish to visit?" he inquired.

That settled it. The proffer of continued pay removed Mrs. Rinkle's scruples quite effectually. She then remembered she had some friends she had not seen for years.

Three days later, Mr. Browne was safely domiciled in a quiet lodging house, and shortly afterward he began to sell his diamond rings and seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life, as well as dress himself in plainer clothes. A rumor that his property had been lost through an unlucky speculation was soon afloat.

He lost friends rapidly. By twos and threes they ceased to know him as they met him in the street. He only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs. Had his adversity been real he would not have felt like laughing.

Then came the time when his circle of acquaintances narrowed down to three. But three of his former friends still clung to him, true in adversity. It was no wonder he grew misanthropic.

Out in the street, one day, he met a carriage containing some of his former acquaintances, who had been absent from the city since he had closed his house. He thought they would not notice him; but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard of the news," he muttered, cynically.

He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage came to see him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Herbert's not very pretentious surroundings.

"Pretty close, that's a fact," said Mr.

De Browne, icily. "But since I lost my property—of which I suppose you haven't heard—I have become very economical."

"But I have heard!" cried out his auditor, abruptly, "and this is why I came; I knew you needed friends now, if ever, and the fact is—well—my daughter, sir—I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in counting-house. Will you accept it?"

"Ahem! Well, I'll think of it. But it's a long way from my lodgings."

"Deuce take your lodgings! You can board in my family as a—well, as a sort of guest, you know."

Herbert looked him over closely. John Brandard was a wealthy man—very wealthy he was called—and in his face there was nothing to warrant the suspicion that he had learned Herbert's secret, and wished to curry favor by aiding him while under an apparent cloud, so the idea was quickly dismissed. Of course he thanked him, and accepted.

Once cosily settled in the Brandard mansion, it was not long before he wondered why he had not noticed Susie Brandard before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions, and treated him cordially—more cordially, he thought, than before the change in his fortunes. He would not have been human had he not learned to love her.

The climax came when she had to give a grand party. Then, before the elite of the city, she did not hesitate to receive attention from him, on which but one construction could be placed. He thought her quite a heroine, and asked for no further proof that she loved him. The next afternoon they met in her father's library, where she had waited to see him.

"Susie," said he, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "I came to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our position, and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, and seemed confused for a moment; then she gave him her hand.

"I have loved you, oh, so long!" she said, "and I feared that you would never love me. You were so jealous before you lost your money, and thought all the women were adventuresses. I was glad when papa said you had lost it, and—"

"You sent him to negotiate with me," cried Herbert.

"I loved you so!" she murmured, deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest."

And Mr. Herbert De Browne believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom straitened circumstances, and he was in a constant ecstasy as he thought of her surprise when he should tell her that his fortune still remained. He sent for Mrs. Rinkle to come and re-opened the house, and put it in condition to receive the mistress. In the meantime they tarried at her father's.

"Herbert," said his wife one day, "I have a favor to ask of you. Will you grant it?"

"I will if it is in my power, darling," he replied.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of money; won't you lend him ten or fifteen thousand dollars?"

"Me? Why, you know—"

"Oh, I know very well what you have been pretending."

Herbert De Browne was dumb with astonishment and chagrin.

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

"I knew it all the time. When I heard you were penniless, papa went directly to your bank, and learned the contrary. I think we managed pretty well."

"I think you did," cried her husband, desperately, "but do you think I'll endure it?"

"How can you help yourself?" We are married now; you can't apply for a divorce?"

"No, I can't, but—"

"Then what will you do?"

"Answer me one question: do you really love me?"

"Yes, I do."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the subject."

"I think you had better," she said quietly, "and lend the money to papa."

And like a sensible man he lent.

### How Shall We Vote?

Mayor Muldon, of the Heavy Artillery.

HEADQUARTERS HEAVY ARTILLERY, ASTOR HOUSE.

To the editor of the New York World.

Sir: Notwithstanding I issue all my proclamations from these 'Headquarters,' it is not generally believed, I fear, that there is any such organization in existence as the 'Heavy Artillery.'

But there is, and I am a Heavy. Although of late I have had serious doubts if we ever derive any such advantages from our organization as we were led to expect.

I, too, have said quite recently, as I saw one after another of my day-dreams of the office in the Customhouse pass away into the consoling cock-tail 'It is not so respectable or so pleasant to be a soldier of the 'Heavy Artillery' as we were led to believe when they invited us to go to Virginia, and take our chances of being planted."

Although I apprehend if I had succeeded in getting planted there, they would have given me a respectable niche in history, and I should have had the pleasure of shooting quails over my own grave, as I propose shortly to do over the mustering-out places of some of my former associates.

However, a few of us whose patriotism is no longer a matter of doubt have concluded to vote for somebody at the next election, but we are mixed as to what particular ticket to vote.

If we could vote as easily as we register there would be no difficulty attending the exercise of our highest rights as freemen.

We go into column, four of us, and went for the register people.

First, there was the Colonel—the Siberian traveller—who stands sixteen and a half hands high in his snow-shoes, and whose capacity has never yet been attained by any living man.

We thought we should first confront the register people with the Colonel, to produce a strong dramatic effect at the send-off.

Then came the Jim Bludsoe man. He held the 'nozzle,' which the Colonel proposed to use on the hand of any register party that might be included to thwart our right as freemen, as aforesaid.

Then came the 'Fat Contributor.' He don't vote in this settlement, but he said he wished to register, in order that his name might get into the newspapers.

The 'Fat Contributor' don't stop at hotels, either to eat, but he likes to arrive and drink.

Then came the leading man of the Heavy Artillery.

My innate modesty will not allow me to insert my name in this connection; although it was thought proper for the military to bring up the rear on account of the safe of that position.

'Stop here,' cried the Bludsoe man, as we filed to the right, and unto a cellar, where the register people were recording the names of the freemen on the tops of trunks and canvas carpet-bags, with which the cellar was filled.

"Ease away your jib there," cried the 'fat' party.

Probably referring to a paper-collar, on which a register person was trying to write the name of a freeman who had preceded us.

"We wish to register," said the Bludsoe man, 'just write my name on the lining of your hat, and you will have it handy by you when we come to vote; and look cheerful.'

And I said: 'No, Bludsoe. Have you any ill will against this faithful guardian of the public peace?'

'You might as well get some one to put a head into him at once, as to compel him to go into society with that name about him.'

See here, you newspaper 'duffers,' I know you.'

Said the boy in blue. 'What ticket do you intend to vote?'

'Prithree, my gentle clubbists,' said the Siberian traveller: 'does that materially affect the writing of our names on one of these trunks?'

'It do,' said the clubbist.

'See here, Sifley,' said Bludsoe, 'we goes for the Boss, we do.'

'Yes,' said the adipose party; 'these freemen all go more or less for the Boss.'

'Oh, yes, Kelso,' I put in, 'we are all Boss men, and we have the vouchers to prove it.'

And I produced a paper from the Boss

wherein, on account of circumstances over which he had no control, he proposed to sell me the lease and fixtures of the 'Metropolitan' City Hotel, which the register people at once recognized, and we were recorded as freemen thereon.

And the colonel commanded, 'Fat,' 'in.'

Which the 'fat' man and myself obeyed with much alacrity and precision, and we filed out of that stronghold of liberty and moved back to these 'headquarters.'

You see, Mr. Editor, it is easy enough to register. All you have to do is to go into some cellar, or other liberty canning and preserving place, and give your name to one of the canners, and you have secured your priceless boon.

But how to vote; aye, Boss, there's the rub. First it is the duty of every freeman who owns a brick house to vote for the Boss, because that extensive real estate agent probably has a mortgage on it, and the mortgagor can thereby secure easier term of payment.

Next, it is the duty of every freeman who don't own a brick house or any other kind of roof but his hair, to vote for the Boss, because he will pay more than any one else for a freeman's exercise of his highest right.

For the benefit of the freemen of the last mentioned class I am happy to be able to give the following tariff of prices of votes at the next election.

To each house furnishing ten or more votes for the Boss there will be paid one to of coal.

To each register who shall roll up a majority of 100 for the Boss, in lieu of the city officer formerly given, there will be allowed one twenty-carat diamond; and to each ward giving such a majority as shall prove the official honesty of the Boss beyond all question, there will be given one eighth acre of Central Park.

But unfortunately for us, Mr. Editor, we are not included in either of these two classes of freemen.

We are just below brick houses and just above hair roofs in point of wealth. In short, we are of the Astor House.

We should be willing to own a brick house, if we had one, but how can we own a brick house without having one, is one of those things a voter don't find out unless he is in the ring, and we are too respectable for hair roofers.

We would vote for Gridley, if it wasn't for Hawkins, and we would vote for Hawkins if it wasn't for Gridley.

Of course, we can't vote for Shandley without voting for Sigel, and how in the THE WORLD, or Tribune are we to vote for Sigel, without voting for Shandley?

Perhaps we might treat the Tribune and the Times candidates as a "stand off" but then we should lose the exercise of our rights as freemen. Undoubtedly it is our duty as freemen to pick out some honest man and stick to him as long as he has a dollar; but that would involve a journey to New England or to the far West, and railroad passes.

And you cannot fail to see how we are mixed, sir.

But we are determined to vote.

I don't say that our votes are in the market, but I do say that we feel the necessity of having the controlling guardiance of some affluent office-seeker.

MULDON, Major Heavy Artillery.

### Home Industry.

It is a mistaken notion by many people, that it is the best interest of every one to buy where they can get the cheapest. To get the most for their money seems to be the desire of nearly everybody. This to a certain extent is correct, but to make this a general rule is detrimental to the best interest of a town. It should be the aim of every one to aid and sustain as far as possible the industry and enterprise of those of his neighbors who are directly interested with him in the advancement and improvement of the place in which they live. The person who supports his home paper is doing this and more. He is giving aid and encouragement to something from which he not only gets double the worth of his money in valuable reading, but is also supporting an institution that gives note and standing to a town, and brings in trade and money from all sections of the country, and will accomplish more towards growth and prosperity of a community than any other one business in it. We say then encourage home industry, and thereby promote the general welfare of all.—Home Gazette.

### A Terrible Death Scene.

The citizens of this community were greatly shocked yesterday evening by the intelligence of the death of Charles H. Durban and wife, the one dying from the effects of a pistol ball in the head fired by his own hand, and the wife dying in the same room of consumption, ten minutes after her husband. The circumstances of this painful occurrence, as near as we can gather them, are as follows:

Mr. Charles H. Durban, son of our well-known citizen Thomas Durban, Esq., about 23 years of age, a practising attorney, was married last spring to Miss Lucy Seaman. After marriage, owing to the failing health of Mrs. Durban, they resided at Judge Evans's. The disease with which she was afflicted was that of consumption of the lungs. Mr. Durban, from the testimony of all, was the most devoted of husbands, kind, generous, and noblehearted of sons. She continued to grow worse, and as the prospects of her recovery faded away Mr. Durban grew sad and gloomy.

Dr. Ball visited Mrs. Durban yesterday morning and found that she could not long survive, a few days at the most. In the evening he was sent for again, and arrived at the bedside of the sufferer ten minutes before 6 o'clock. Mrs. Durban wished to take some medicine, morphine and chloroform, prescribed by the Doctor when she was restless and could not sleep. Her husband asked the doctor about giving it, expressing himself as if fearing the desire for the sedative might increase. The doctor requested him to give her the medicine, which he did, at the same time seeming very nervous and excited. He walked partially around the room with his hands in his pockets, and finally stopped at the foot of the bed. The remedy did not seem to produce relief. She was then breathing very hard. The doctor then gave her some valerate of ammonia, Mr. Durban still standing at the foot of the bed, and seemed to be suffering intensely.

He said to the physician: "Doctor, for God's sake, can't you give Lucy (his wife's name) something to relieve her?" The doctor told him to wait, that the remedy had not had time to act. As the difficulty of breathing seemed to increase, the doctor told Mr. Durban to bring some unslacked lime, that she might inhale it while it slacked. He did so, and attempted to hold it to her face, but seemed to be unable from nervousness. She then took a severe fit of coughing, when the doctor took his place and Mr. Durban passed to the foot of the bed, saying, as he did so, "Doctor, can't you do anything more for her, she is dying?" The doctor found that she would suffocate unless her position in the bed was changed, and with the assistance of her mother and Mrs. Evans was trying to change her position, when a report rang out which filled the room with the sound. The doctor, glancing up, noticed Mr. Durban staggering, and supposing that he might have accidentally shot himself, rushed to him and laid him on the floor. He did not breathe, seemingly, after the shot.

His wife seemed fully conscious of what had taken place: said she was sorry, but couldn't cry. She tried to speak again, but the words were not understood, when she breathed her last, there being five to ten minutes in the time between their deaths. The ball took effect in the right temple, a little above and back of the eye. In his pocket was found a letter addressed to his wife, saying that he could not live without her, and if he died first that he would meet her in Paradise. There were letters also to his parents, and a note requesting that no Coroner's inquest be held upon his body; that it was a matter between himself and his God.

### The Summer Has Ended.

The summer has ended. We see it as we look upon the fallen leaves that strew the ground, and hear it in that coarser, wilder note which has been added to the wind-harp.

The summer has ended. Tourists and travellers, who have been climbing rugged steepes, and pacing ocean sands, and viewing cities old, but new to them, have come back home again, with renewed health, and though full of the beauties of creation, and precious memories that can never die.

The summer has ended. The poor invalid, who lay through all the pleasant month on her weary bed, looking out of

the window at the glories without, and feeling the soft balmy air as it kissed her cheek, has faded with this summer, and gone where all is summer, all is light, and music, and love, and beauty; and her eyes now rest on the King in his glory.

To many the summer has ended with their homes in ashes, with ruin sitting where beauty reigned. Others have prayed for the end of summer when the King of the pestilence would lay down his sceptre and his crown. To some, the summer has brought only pleasant things—others, ruin and sorrow. But, it has ended, and whatever it may have taken in its flight, it has still left us the inestimable blessings of life.

### Irish Bulls.

It was an Irishman who wanted to find a place where there was no death, that he might go and end his days there. It was an Irish editor that exclaimed, when speaking of the wrongs of Ireland, "Her cup of misery has been for ages overflowing and is not yet full!" It was an Irish newspaper that said of Robespierre that "He left no children behind him except a brother, who was killed at the same time." It was an Irish coroner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied sadly, "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before." It was an Irish hand-bill that announced with boundless liberality, in reference to a great political demonstration in the Rotunda, that "Ladies, without distinction of sex, would be welcome."

### A Lad in his Day.

When Dr. Thompson, a distinguished Scotch clergyman, was minister to Markinch, he happened to preach from the text, "Look not upon the wine when it is red in the cup;" from which he made a most eloquent and impressive discourse against drunkenness, stating its evil effects on the heart, head and purse. Several of his observations were levelled at two cronies with whom he was well acquainted, who frequently poured out libations to the rosy god. At the dismissal of the congregation, the two friends met, the doctor being close behind them. "Did you hear yon, Johnny? quoth the one. "Did I hear? Who didna hear? I ne'er winked an e'e the hail sermon." "Aweel, an, what thought ye o'?" "Adeed, Davie, I think he has been a lad in his day, or he couldna ken'd sae weel about it! Ah, he's been a alee hand, the meenister!"

### Too Green to Burn.

In Cincinnati there occurred recently a scene at the door of the—Chapel, in which the prime actor came off considerably the worse for wear. A young man, who believe he knew as much as any other man, had been paying his attentions to a young lady, who, among her own attractions, possessed a very luxuriant growth of red hair. The young man could not induce the young lady to think him better than other men, and she finally gave him the mitten. One evening after this, thinking his time to get even had arrived, he stationed himself in the aisle near the chapel door, and seeing the young lady coming, threw up his hands, pretending fright, and exclaimed, "Stand aside, boys, or you will take fire! Here comes—" (naming the lady). She walked very leisurely to where the young man was standing, stopped, and looked him in the face, saying, "You need not be alarmed, Mr.—; you are entirely too green to burn!"

The roar of laughter which greeted the young man's ear was more than he could well relish, and he beat a hasty retreat.

### A Frenchman's Troubles.

Prof. Dubois writes us from Portsmouth, R. I., of his experiences. On one occasion, after paying his bill at a hotel, the landlord told him he was square "I am told," says the professor, "I never knew I was square before." "Good-bye," said he; "you'll be round soon." "I thought you said I was square" "O, yes," said he; "but I mean you'll soon be round—you won't be long?" "Of course," I replied, "if I am square, I will neither be long nor round." The professor has made so many of these comical blunders that he has entered the lecture field, taking "Blunders" for his subject.